It's Brutal, It's Brutal

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It's Brutal, It's Brutal

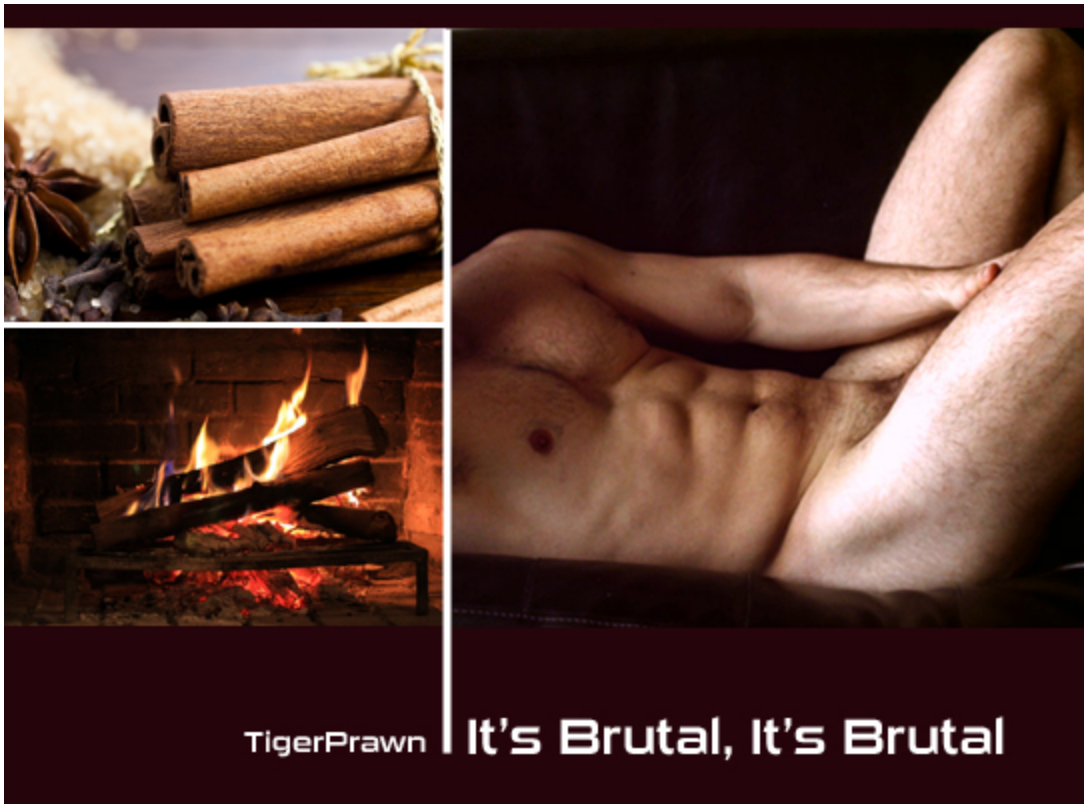
by TigerPrawn

Summary

Every time Hannibal goes out, Will stays home alone, anxious and excited to see him again. It's part of a game they play.

Notes

Title and inspiration from Christmas TV by Slow Club
Another song fic really... Or, I asked a dear friend for a prompt and then only filled it in the last scene and spent the rest of the time writing smut. Oops.



Will sipped at his whiskey and tried not to let his eyes flick too often from the embers in the hearth to the clock on the mantle. It was already all he could hear as it ticked over each minute, each second.

When the hell had he become so insecure?

The moment he realised he was in love with Hannibal? The moment he and Hannibal went over a cliff? Could have been either of those times. Whichever was also the moment he realised that he couldn't live without the man - he would not survive the separation.

Will chuckled darkly into his tumbler before taking another sip.

He had become one of his dogs. Worried that every time Hannibal left the house he wouldn't return. These were the scenarios that now played out in his less frequent nightmares. Even so, he would wake, shaking and sweating, with strong arms wrapped around him - Hannibal pulling him tight to his chest and calming him.

Usually in these dreams Hannibal was captured, most often he was shot on sight. And almost always, Will didn't know - was just left to sit at home and whither away whilst he waited. Growing old and frail, skeletal, in front of the dying fire.

Will shook off the thoughts and drained his glass. It had only been four hours, Hannibal had taken much longer shopping before, especially when it came to getting just the right ingredients for the meal he planned. Even the lowliest herb was selected for it's perfection.

Will turned on the rarely watched television and flicked through the few channels they could get in Canada's near wilderness. He stopped when he got to music - soothing tones of the Christmas of yesteryear.

He didn't realise that he had nodded off until he was awoken by the front door closing.

Will's pulse picked up a pace and his palms tingled lightly with sweat. Relief? Anxiety? Anticipation?

It was always this way when Hannibal returned, his heart thundering in his chest and mouth dry right up until the moment he saw him and kissed him like a man starved of physical contact for way too long. Perhaps he really was Hannibal's pet? He wasn't sure he cared.

Will pulled himself from the chair and strode into their kitchen, illuminated only by the counter top lights. The little house was ambiently lit throughout and the shadows were cast ominously across Hannibal as he unpacked his bags onto the counter tops.

He heard Will coming, of course, but didn't turn to greet him - focusing on the task before him. Will was used to this, this coolness that he knew was Hannibal playing hard to get. Hannibal had surely left the whole world in no doubt of his affections for Will, his deep and devoted love. It left him with a vulnerability that he countered by playing it cool, even though Will was sure he knew Will saw through it completely.

Will smiled at Hannibal's need for control and moved forward, pressing himself to Hannibal's back and slipping his hands around his waist and up, so that he pulled Hannibal back until their bodies were flush. Hannibal hummed his pleasure as Will slotted his nose against Hannibal's neck, nuzzling him there.

"You've been hours," Will stated the obvious, knowing it was betraying his own devotion.

"I was unable to procure some of the spices I wanted, this is a busy time of year, I had to think of alternatives," Will could hear the smile in Hannibal's tone. "You missed me I see," Hannibal chuckled.

Will let out a little huff against Hannibal's neck and moved back, separating them from each other and watching as Hannibal tried not to let his disappointment at that show so clearly. Will's turn to smirk.

"Hardly. I was worried you'd been captured and were in the process of selling me out to the authorities," Will replied, blasé.

Hannibal quirked a brow at Will over his shoulder, "I don't' believe I ever promised such a reckoning".

Will let out a chuckle at that and hooked his fingers into Hannibal's belt, "Come watch TV," he encouraged. Maybe the kitchen next time, but Will had already allowed for this in the lounge, had already placed lube on the table.

Hannibal's smile assured him he knew that Will had no intention of watching television, and he allowed himself to be practically dragged from to the living room.

Will pushed Hannibal onto the large, soft sofa - letting him stretch out comfortably before he crawled over him, pressing their bodies tight together once more, knowing Hannibal could feel his swelling arousal.

"Are you sure you didn't miss me?" Hannibal teased.

"Shut up," Will muttered through a grin as he settled a little to the side and leaned in for a kiss.

It was soft and slow but claiming. He was giving Hannibal no quarter as his hands came up to frame his face. Will planned to reclaim this man, who his mind had told him might not have returned. Maybe he was like a dog left home alone, and this was his version of excited tail wagging and head buts.

Will let a hand slip behind Hannibal's neck, not letting him withdraw from the deep kiss as the other hand reached between them to work open Hannibal's shirt buttons. Even when Hannibal's hands came to join Will's in his disrobing, Will didn't allow any retreat, and Hannibal didn't push for it. Will moved onto his side slightly to give the most room possible for Hannibal to finish roughly unbuttoning.

Once all the buttons were undone, the lower most having pinged off somewhere in the hast to get the final one open, Will finally broke the kiss. He drew back and looked at Hannibal, knowing from Hannibal's expression of adoration and anticipation, that he looked hungry. And he was.

Hannibal shrugged quickly from the shirt, disposing of it on the floor and, purposefully, laying back so that he was naked and prone. Waiting and wanting.

Since they had started in this, Will had been hungry. Since before they were recovered from the fall and shared their first tentative kiss. Since before the first time they touched each other, before that night when touching wasn't enough and Will had buried himself inside Hannibal's tight heat over and over until he had come on a cry, tears in his eyes. Since before the fall. Since before he realised he was in love with Hannibal.

The hunger was so deep. Settling in his bones from that morning he had lied to Hannibal and told him he didn't find him interesting. That hunger for more of Hannibal. More conversations, more time together, more friendships, more than friendship. From almost the moment they had met he had wanted to devour all he could of Hannibal and from that day his appetite had done nothing but grow.

Will growled as he started to nip at Hannibal's neck, his hands now exploring his chest, his belly, all the exposed flesh he could reach.

Hannibal was gasping and arching into him, his hard cock pressing against Will's side as he moved lower. Will slipped his hands under Hannibal as best he could in a sort of embrace, holding him there as he lowered his mouth to Hannibal's left nipple - the more sensitive of

the two, he had found. Hannibal started groaning as squirming, unable to escape as Will sucked and licked his nipple, flicking his tongue over it.

Hannibal stopped squirming, letting out a slight sob at the onslaught but no longer trying to escape it. Will hummed his approval against the slathered little nub as he pulled his hands back and worked them between their bodies, beginning to undo Hannibal's belt and trousers.

"You want me to show you how much I missed you?" Will growled between wet kisses to Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal let out something near a whimper as he nodded and breathlessly replied, "Yes, Will. Yes."

Will surged downward, nipping and nuzzling at the trail of hair, at Hannibal's little poochy belly, at the top of his hip as he pulled the trousers wide open. He nuzzled into Hannibal's pubes as he tugged trousers and underwear down whilst Hannibal canted his hips. As the trousers went further south, making it to Hannibal's thighs, Will progressed further south too. Hannibal's cock was hard and leaking, no longer captive, it curved up to his belly. Will mouthed along the shaft, humming his amusement as it twitched against his lips.

Hannibal's anticipation was palpable, and oh so satisfying for Will to deny as he pulled back. He felt the full body shudder go through Hannibal as a result, and smiled. This had become a game somewhere along the line, perhaps minutes ago, perhaps years.

He pulled Hannibal's trousers all the way off and grabbed the tube of lube on the side table before moving back up the sofa, bending Hannibal's legs at the knee as he went. Yes, a game that he was going to play hard at the more Hannibal did this, the longer he stayed away.

Hannibal's breath was hitching in anticipation when Will slicked two fingers and pressed them into him, thrusting them in an out and feeling Hannibal clench around him in anticipation.

"Relax," Will rumbled the words, stroking Hannibal's thigh tenderly and feel his muscles give before he removed his fingers and lubed up his cock.

He felt Hannibal shudder again as he pressed his cock to his ass, waiting a moment as he felt Hannibal relax further - welcoming him. He pushed in slowly, pulling back a little every few seconds before pressing further in until he was completely buried in his lover.

"Fuck…" Will muttered, "you're always so fucking good for me."

"Please, Will." Hannibal pleaded, and Will knew exactly what for.

Will hiked one of Hannibal's legs up over his shoulder, and pushed as deep as he could whilst Hannibal let out a short, sharp cry.

The cry turned to grunts and moans as Will snapped his hips, fucking into Hannibal as hard and fast as he could, his knees sinking into the sofa cushions beneath them.

“Are you punishing me for going, Will…” Hannibal panted, grimacing against the welcome onslaught, “or reminding my why I should always stay?”

A sharp laugh broke from Will’s chest and he didn’t answer because he wasn’t sure. Both?

Will pulled almost completely out and then thrust back in until his balls smacked against Hannibal with a fleshy, meaty sound. There was no mistaking the whimper that came from Hannibal then.

He wasn’t usually this brutal, but he knew Hannibal loved it. He loved it when they were gentle together, loved it when they were passionate. But when he wanted Will to lay claim to him, he knew Hannibal wanted it rough. Definitely something they agreed on.

“Make me yours Will, always yours,” Hannibal’s words came out fractured as Will pounded his cock into him, over and over, grazing his prostate but never enough to get him off, but knowing Hannibal found so much pleasure in this anyway.

Will could feel his climax pooling in his groin, his balls tightening, and all he could think of was how he had never imagined in a million years he would come to this place. He would be whole, complete, conjoined.

Will cried out and slammed into Hannibal to the hilt, his hips jerking involuntarily as he spilled hot and hard inside his lover. It took him a moment to register the friction, the squeeze and the grunt as Hannibal came in his fist, painting his exposed belly with copious amounts of come. Will whimpered at the sensation but at something else too - at Hannibal’s pleasure.

Maybe it *was* a reminder of why he should always stay?

He wasn’t sure how he stayed on his knees for the next few seconds, his body trembling and his cock still pulsing aftershocks. Will pulled out slowly, feeling his cock twitch anew at the sight of his come trailing from Hannibal and down onto the leather beneath him. It was so fucking hot, Hannibal was so thoroughly his.

Will collapsed onto Hannibal, pressing Hannibal’s come between his clothed form and Hannibal’s naked body. They clutched hold of each other and shook, both spent in every way possible.

It’s only when their breathing began to level out that they could hear the lyrics of the Christmas song being played on the television.

It's brutal, it's brutal, where have you been
'Cause we're far apart and my lonely heart
Finds it hard to get through the night
You pull me out of the dark and now it's light

Will shuddered again and nuzzled into Hannibal’s neck.

“Neither of us would survive the separation,” Will muttered into his sweaty flesh, feeling Hannibal’s arms tighten around him in response.

*

Will enjoyed the warmth and pressure of Hannibal laying over him, covering him like a blanket as they stretched out on the sofa. They had cleaned themselves up, now naked but for the warm robes they wore. Enough to keep warm but still able to give and receive intimate touches as they snuggled and nuzzled. It was domestic - another thing Will had never imagined.

“I know you do it on purpose,” Will muttered next to Hannibal’s ear. “I am not… unaware of my own responses, nor how you seek to manipulate them.”
“Is that so?” Hannibal responded with no commitment either way, though Will could practically hear him smiling.

“The longer you stay away the more voracious a welcome I give you. Really Hannibal, your excuses for taking so long are quite obvious, you give yourself away too easily,” Will scalded in jest.

“Hmm, I see. So you think I make up excuses to take an hour or two longer to ensure your welcome is all the more passionate?”

Will chuckled, “Don’t even try to deny it.”

“What gives my game away then, if I am indeed playing such a game?” Hannibal asked and drew back enough to face Will.

“The items you just bought, we already have plenty in the larder. I know it’s Christmas, but how much fresh cinnamon can one household use?”

Another noncommittal hum and bemused smile from Hannibal.

Will shook his head and pulled his lover, his partner, closer.

“How about next time you only take an hour and we can spend the rest of the time fucking? I’m more than happy to give you a passionate welcome home every time you leave…” Will lowered his voice and whispered in his ear, “Even if you just do a lap around the house and come back in.”

Hannibal’s shoulders shook as he laughed, puffing warm breaths against Will’s neck.

There was quiet then. Just the crackle of the fire and the low music from the television. A different song now, something more traditional. Despite that, Will found his mind returning to the song they had heard after they had come. He hadn’t heard it in a long time and now it resonated around his skull like a message just for him, for them.

I like the way that our arguments stop when we fall asleep
And the way that your body feels when it's wrapped around me
And I'd like it if you made it to mine by Christmas Eve
So you can hold me
And we'll watch Christmas TV

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